NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

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Beginning with the year 1909 NEW SHAKESPEAREANA will appear on the first days of February, May, September and December.

[In presenting our readers with a piece of Pure Fiction we might take refuge behind the claim of our amiable Philistine and Bacon friends that most Shakespeare Biography IS Pure Fiction. But the following seems to us so fairly discreet a handling of the Esprit of the times it touches, that—without pleading any other excuse—we make bold to print it. If the Departure is disapproved of by our Readers, (who, after all, are the real Editors of this Quarterly) we will stipulate to offend no more. EDITORS NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.]

WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED!

I.

WE QUARREL BY THE BOOK, IN PRINT—AS YOU HAVE BOOKS FOR GOOD MANNERS.

The glimmer of an occasional horn lanthorn swung from the projecting stories of the houses along Fleet Street, or now and then a poor little link-boy's torch, served, if they served any possible purpose at all, to deepen the already blackness of the night that shrouded that thoroughfare in London on the evening of the thirtieth day of April in the year of our Lord 1610.

A heavy snow storm, followed by an immediate thaw the day before, had added a horrid depth of mud to the already filthy slime of the unpaved and un-sidewalked street with its reeking kennel in the centre into which all—even the vilest—emptyings of domestic accumulation were wont to fall,

(unless they fell upon the heads of passers by, instead) whence they were permitted by law to be thrown after nine o'clock from the upper windows of the houses.

But from the great "Apollo" room of The Devil Tavern there poured out upon this chaos a great blaze of light. Not only was the huge apartment lighted by the usual watch-candles and torches stuck in the sconce-sockets, but great cressets, like those in the theatres, were placed high at intervals; and there were candlesticks in the conventional design of human hands to hold other watch-lights upon the huge tables crowded with tankards, jugs and bottles. The scene within was—with all the fantastic costumery of Jacobean London indeed kalaedoscopic. Aldermen in red. Sea-captains in blue. Retainers of great noblemen in green, and servants of great bishops in yellow. Italian counts in cherry velvet. Spanish grandees blazing with jewels and barbaric gold, gallants with bombasted trunks and every possible hue of hose, huge earrings and long plumed hats strolled about, stroking their fantastically cut beards or long love-locks or flicking with the points of their gilded rapiers, the rushes on the floor. Waiters in statute caps (the only somber tints in the view) were scampering about with the malsmley, Canary, acqua-vitae, methiglin, and the ever-demanded sherris sack and sugar, or poking with long poles fresh tow through the bars of the cressets, as one by one they would go out in smoke, when the cry, "No husbandry, Master Cooke." "No husbandry," went up from half an hundred throats.

Just about seven of the clock the outer door of this room was pushed open, and with the new comer entered a volume of the outside fog and chill that sent up another sort of cry, "Dout it, Dout it."

On submitting to have his cloak and bonnet and spurred boots removed by an attendant, this new comer was revealed as a slight gentleman richly garbed in black velvet tunic and moderately bombasted knee trunks with elaborate lace at his throat and wrists.

He seemed to know what point of the crowded room to make, where even the deep window-seats were occupied by the drinkers, "That's Master Shakespeare of the Globe," was the general comment—and many greetings did he receive by name, to all of which he responded with a smile and nod of the affable kind which a well-to-do person who cares not particularly for his company or to ingratiate himself therewith affects.

As he neared the side of the room furthest from the door, a man attired much like Shakespeare—but who, despite the closeness of the place, wore his cloak depending from its clasp on his left shoulder—half rose and

made room on the settle. "Nay" he said as Shakespeare mildly protested. "I am but about departing, though beshrew me if the night tempt."

"Mayhap thou will be beshrewed as it is," my good Drayton, and another hour or so will make small difference in the beshrewing. Sit thee down again. I am minded to a many stoups to get this miasm out of me—as many as will serve, at any rate— and thou shalt fill one to every one of mine, albeit thou hast not crossed from Surrey shore and splashed afoot through this devil's own night. Did gods or men imagine ever such streetways as our worshipful lord mayors and turtle-fed aldermen decree us?"

"They will be mended in summer time when they are already fair enow!" said Drayton.

Again the door opened to further cries of "Dout it Dout it." This time, a man shabbily dressed with threadbare cloakings, entered. But the welcome he received was anything but threadbare. Many rose, and many not rising held their cups aloft. "Ah, Ben Jonson. Welcome, Ben Jonson, Ben Jonson, Ben Jonson, come in, come in. The night has waned but sadly without thee. A seat—take mine, take mine, sir!"

But instead of joining any one of the groups where he would have been more than welcome, Jonson pressed through the sitters who wooed him in vain, to where Shakespeare and Drayton sat, and although neither of these two either rose or lifted cups, but rather kept their faces averted, he drew himself up before them and called each by name.

"An' I may, I'll join you worshipfuls," he said. "Surely I vouch 'it is a judgment marred and most imperfect'—I quote from your Othello of this evening's rendition—that denies me of your company to-night. Let me, I pray you, share in the reckoning."

Master Michael Drayton bit his lip and took little pains to conceal his annoyance. Shakespeare, however, replied but carelessly, "Join us, if so it please thee. But join in the reckoning! That I doubt thou canst, unless thou art better provided than at our last revel. Here," and he took from his belt a roll of crumpled bits of paper and roughly opened them upon the table, "Cans't redeem these? For an' thou canst, I will pay for thy aqua vitae. Here, varlet"—(this to a servingman)—"a thimbleful of strong water for Master Jonson, and again portions of metheglin for our empty cups."

Drayton, who had not made the slightest sign of recognition at Ben Jonson's approach, looked up to see how he would receive Shakespeare's insult, whether with a blow or a cringe. "Poor devil!" he muttered when he saw him swallow not only Shakespeare's words but the drink for which Shakespeare had paid.

After finishing the brandy at a gulp, Jonson laid one hand, not over clean be it confessed, upon the I. O. U.'s and extending the other towards Shakespeare, said: "These and many another, and no small coin of the realm, mayst thou hand over to me, Master William Shakespeare—ay, to me who made thee, and is not o'erproud of his handicraft therein. If thou wilt be graciously pleased to cast up my account for the two plays thou hadst of me—thou playdest them, dost remember? more than sixty times—and never a penny for the playwright's usance have I received yet at thy hands."

"Nay, touch not the notes of hand, friend Ben," responded Shakespeare. "Say not either before this gentlemen that I render not to every man tuum quoque! Mark me," and he drew from his wallet a small memorandum-book bound in pigskin, and after fumbling a moment among its leaves laid the book before him with his finger at an entry. Then slowly he read as follows:

"Item: Every Man in His Humour. Paid Henslowe one pound, eighteen shillings, six and one ha' pence and one groat to take up divers notes of hand of Master Jonson, it being understood that said Jonson consenteth to this payment for his peace and acquittal of said Henslowe for money borrowed, and said Shakespeare to have the use and pleasure of said play. (Memorandum: the above paid in mill six-pence.) Item: Every Man Out of His Humour. Paid worshipful Master E. Alleyn, one pound two and one-half shillings to quit divers notes of hand of Master B. Jonson, it being understood that said Jonson consenteth to said payment as for his acquittal of said Alleyn for divers monies borrowed, and said Shakespeare to have the profit of said play." In wording something unlike, but the tenor the same!"

"God only knoweth what thou hast writ there, honest William," retorted Jonson, "for not the devil himself can call thy writing fair! How be it thou hast paid for my drink and shalt pay for the like to-night again; and right glad am I thou statest in presence of worshipful Master Drayton here that I owe nothing to that cormorant and devourer of widows' houses, Henslowe. And now another cup of aqua vitae and I take myself away, for two's company, as the saying is."

To tell the truth, Drayton was not a little disappointed to see a quarrel averted by Jonson's soft answer. He had hoped that Jonson's well-known jealousy of Shakespeare and Shakespeare's equally well-known infirmity of temper, would have developed a pretty one, and given him, Drayton, an opportunity to curry favor with Shakespeare by espousing his side of the

affair. But he was still more disappointed when Shakespeare swept the I. O. U.'s over to Ben's side of the table, saying, "In truth I sometimes think I love thee, Ben; here, take these, and a gold piece with them. I am more beholden to thee than that. Nay, no thanks. And to steer away from the breakers Shakespeare lifted his small Venetian glass of aqua-vitae and said, "These be rare spirits indeed though I lay you they paid never his majesty's revenue!"

"Not strong enow, not strong enow and yet strong enow too," replied Ben "I mean not strong enow comparably. For your absolute strength give me Dame Marian Hackett's home brew. Hast not heard my verses? Nay" —for Ben, once he had the floor so to speak, was loth to relinquish it. Before there could be protest had drawn a solled and scrawled bit of manuscript from his wallet, and began

When shall we meet again and have a taste
Of that transcendent ale we dranke of last?
What wild ingredients did Dame Marian choose
To mad her drink withal? It made me lose
My wits before I quenched mine thirst. There came
Such whimsies in mine head, and such a flame
Of fiery drunkenness had smudged my nose
My beard shrunk in for fear! There were of those
That took me for a Comet—some afar
Distance remote thought me a blazing star!
The Earth methought, just as it was, it went
Round in a wheeling course of merriment.
Mine head was ever dropping, and mine nose
Offering to be a suitor to my toes.
My mouth did stand awry just as it were
Labouring to whisper something in mine ear.
My pox marked face, they say, appeared to some
Just like a dry and burning honey comb:
My tongue did swim in Ale, and joyed to boast
Himself a better seaman than the toast!
Each brewer that I met, I kist and made
Suitor to be apprenticed to the Trade.
One did approve the notion when he saw
That mine own legs would the Indentures draw.
Well Sirs I grew stark mad—that may you see

By this adventure into Poetrie.
You easily may see I am not quite
Grown sober yet by these sad lines I write—
I only do'ot for this that you may see
That though you paid for th' Ale, yet it paid me

But not even Drayton interrupted, for Ben was as lord paramount at The Devil as was Shakespeare himself at the Mermaid. When Ben had finished, Shakespeare said "Truly did I see not thine Apollo Club rules framed over yon chimney-piece, I should hold thou hadst small warrant for thy verses, for they are marvellous rotten—But tell me—Wast at the Globe but now?"

"Truly I was," said Ben "and Bacon was with me wearing, as is his wont, the Shockingest bad hat in all London;" an I know not were we most amazed or angered at the scant courtesy those louts of Germans did thy Othello. Better than this night did never Lowin, play, and Augustine Phillips, his Iago, was at the top of his talent, and in all else was the play fitted. And yet there the addle-brained Germans sat, mumbling in each others lugs or asleep or eating cheese maybe, paying no heed at all to the best thine actors could do. Kempe could not make them laugh, nor Taylor make them weep, albeit his Desdemona was tender as chapelboy-maid could be." "But their bursars paid the Globe well for their seats, Ben, and that is what I look to first, and the takings at the door have I already bestowed in Master Alleyn's chest," said Shakespeare.

"For the children must needs wear shoon, and I lay by naught at my tilling. However, I must be at St. Helen's Place betimes to-night, for tomorrow I go to Stratford to see the goodwife and those same children."

"They say the knights of the road are in great numbers, waxing bold, and taking purses at our very gates; so be wary, dear Shakespeare." Then, in a whisper "I like me not the guise of yon two fellows on next settle."

"Fear not for me, friend Drayton," responded Shakespeare aloud. "It is not my wont to take hazards at aught. I burn daylight only, making journey twixt sunrise and evensong; and lie at my friend John Davenant his hostelrie in Oxford, the report whereof cannot have escaped thee—"

"And a pretty wife, they tell me, whose report also speedeth—"

"I' faith as to that," said Shakespeare, smiling and shrugging his shoulders, "there are pretty wives eno' hereabouts."

"Of the which no man can better warrant us," said Drayton.

II

"THUS CONSCIENCE DOTH MAKE COWARDS OF US ALL:"

When Shakespeare mentioned having "deposited his takings at Othello with Master Alleyn, he only stated as much as he cared to. The sum: to tell truth: had been less the not inconsiderable price of two diamond rings, one of which he had slipped on the pretty finger of Mistress Mary Fytton as in Page attire and sworded she had strutted across the stage while Iago was slaying Roderigo, watched fiercely by my jealous, lords Southampton and Rutland, as she gave Shakespeare a kiss—intended to be furtive—lest it imperil Shakespeare's life, for she well knew that not only my lords had swords, but that their scores of varlets eager to do their master's service, had short and wicked knives!—The other diamond was for Mistress John D'Avenant, when her surly husband should be not about—at Oxford on the morrow.

Shakespeare started early from St. Helen's place on May Day morning. He knew that despite the vile weather of the night before, the roads would be full of merry-makers seeking the various Maye Pole festivals which no sort of weather could induce Englishmen to forego. However, the sun had risen brightly. His mount had hardly reached The Black Nunnery when a shout behind him caused him to turn, and he beheld a lad—who proved to be Drayton's varlet, running after him, bearing a billet from Drayton himself, which read; "Go not by Oxford. It was as I feared —those two fellows, trust me, mean not well—they conserted much after you quitted The Devil, and betook themselves one at a time away—Thine, M. D.," Shakespeare threw the varlet a handful of coin—and laughed to himself. Nevertheless, he rode only until the fork of the highway just before the towers of Oxford came in view—and took the cross road which, resuming the highway some miles beyond Oxford led straight to Stratford town—and in due time the hoofs of Shakespear's mount clattered over the Clopton Bridge at Stratford, (one of the few bridges of his glorious majesty King James his England; not built by the devil-like that Westmoreland one at Fune, or of stone pillars with oaken girders as the old priests had constructed, but of cobble-stones throughout, buttressed and arched and not too steep of roadway;) and was soon pounding with its huge iron knocker on his own oaken door at New Place.

There was a sound of scuffling and scurrying and rustling of kirtles, interpersed with small feminine titters and screams within. But the door showed no sounds of opening. So Shakespeare pounded again.

This time the door cautiously opened and a pretty girl's face peered out.

"Nay, Judith, but it is myself, thy father!" cried Shakespeare.

"Oh, father, father!" cried pretty Judith, and in an instant she had thrown her arms about his neck and was smoothering him with kisses.

"Parden, father. But I had thought it was that foolish Tom Quiney that knocked, and Joan Morgan had but just wagered that I would buss him-an-an"

"An thou wouldist too, sweetheart! But is Joan Morgan of Bristol here? Welcome, sweetheart, and how is thy brother Sir Thomas, the priest? It is long since I have seen or heard of him," and Shakespeare disengaged himself from Judith and bestowed a loud smack full upon the lips of the maiden he had addressed as Joan Morgan, who had come forward and shared in Judith's greeting to the home-returned. Just then there was a rustle of farthingale and Shakespeare's wife, Mistress Anne Shakespeare herself, loomed up. However Puritanical in tenet, Mistress Anne forgot not that she was the lady of the finest house in Stratford town and wife of an Armiger and County magistrate; and her bodice was cut low as the lowest and her stomacher was as peaked and her farthingale as wired and bombasted as those of the loftiest dame going, and her ruff supported by its supertasses towered and spread as fan-like and tall as the tallest, behind her ears. Her husband greeted her with a kiss, noticeably less warm that those he had bestowed upon Judith and Joan, upon her forehead. But Mistress Anne did not return the greeting.

"How is it that thou comest not home betimes William," she said in a distantly cold tone that sounded as if spoken in another apartment. "Scarce once in a sixth-month indeed, and then with only thoughts of wenches and of queans, and kisses upon thy lips."

"Who spoke of queans and wenches but thyself, good wife?" cried Shakespeare. "Can I not buss my cousin Joan here, but thou doest rate me. Nay—"

"Nay no more. Dist thou think that our sealed and saintly men at London Master Stubbs and Master Bates know nothing of thy playhouse?—fine places truly, if Master Stubbs his book be true! Ah, William, many is the dominie I set to prayers to mingle with mine own that thou mayst forswear that wicked playhouse."

"Forswear thy bread and ale, good wife?" interrupted Shakespeare. How thrive I by any other means? Peace, peace! I too might speak of welcome home like this! Sour looks and perverse humours, and thy tongue

never aweary. Hast railled to this purpose for this three-month of which you tell us, woman?"

But the domestic tirade was soon broken into on both sides, for Judith again rushed up, and throwing her arms about her father's neck, began kissing him so vigorously upon his mouth that he could say nothing, while Joan Morgan led Mistress Anne away, muttering: "He leaves his harlots and his playhouses and cometh here to flout me doth he. Nay but I'll not endure it longer! So graze as ye find pastures—I'll to mine own people," and she launched into a well known Puritan monody

> But Jeshuan waxed fat and then most wantonly did kick
> And hell and damna-tion are in his fatness thick
> The teeth of cruel beasts I will upon him send therefor
> And adder's pois-ion also for to vex him more and more

Meanwhile Shakespeare, who like most easy-going men was most easily infuriated when his sense of a sort of justice in the attack upon him was cancelled by the violence of the attack itself, struggled to free himself from Judith who had thrown her arms around him in fear of what might come, for she had witnessed the like before "And I wax fat for to get thee a roof-tree and to maintain thy regiment of snivelling parsons and Puritan ranters—who, the more they louder pray the lower runneth the Sherris-sack. Do thou mend thy manners and I'll mend my ways, You Death's head! You everlasting memento mori!"

But Judith soon hushed him, and led him in an opposite direction into a long apartment to the right of the hall, and divesting him of his bonnet, cloak, gloves and boots, saw him safely seated on a settle before the roaring fire, and knelt at his side.

"Dearest, dearest father," she said, "blame not the mother, she hath had crosses indeed this week. The day before yesterday, a man we knew not came with tidings that one of our heifers was strayed two miles and had gone lame of a leg, and had hobbled into the Avon ford for a drink, and could not hobble out again, and was carried down stream and drowned, and I know not what, and all last fort-night's cheese was lost through John Squele his letting sleep or I know not what, overtake him, and Martha hath thrice given notice, and the Beadle hath left a precept here that if in three days—and here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons."

"Enow! Enow!" interrupted Shakespeare. "I have much business that calls me back again to London by day-break to-morrow morn. To

the devil with this dishclout bruit and all its beholdings!" Here I have ridden two days, from where all has been peace, and for what?—a catalogue of troubles, a scolding wife—"

"But a duteous daughter, and a dear friend from Bristol way. Pray you, for Joan Morgan's sake, if not for love of your duteous daughter and her guest, dear father—"

"Aye, my dear, I'll say naught more," interrupted Shakespeare. "But think that I am hungry, my girl—nay, bespeak the supper and I vouch thee to say naught more."

"Marry, father, dost think we had forgotten supper? It even now waits. Come, Cicely will have a care of the fire; the supper is spread in the self-same place."

The room was wide as became a gentleman's dining-room. The ceiling timbered heavily. Along one side and taking up nearly one-third of the whole apartment was the great dining table, while seats built into the walls under the long diamonded lattice window served instead of chairs for the diners. At the free end however was a single plain wooden chair and this Shakespeare took while Judith and Joan snuggled close to each other at the opposite end. Mistress Anne sat alone on the long side bench while opposite her the table stood free and the maids came and placed the viands borne from the buttery hatch. Severe as Mistress Shakespeare was in her Puritanism she was no laggard or stinter at her table. There was a brace of capons and a dish of blackbirds, marchpanes of many kinds to free the lack of vegetables, a pasty, a sucket, marmelaide cumfits wardens, wafers, almonds and preserved fruits and apples and cheese, ginger and lemons sliced. Last of all came a rabbit, and a custard and fritter. Then to crown all there was a hugh salat or salad as we say and a couple of partridges and more preserved fruits. Had there been men guests, long tobacco pipes to smoke between the dishes would doubtless have appeared. For some reason unknown Shakespeare did not use tobacco at all, though he was wont sit long at his pippins and cheese, and almonds and sherris sack! By the peremptory table fashion of the day however all this abundance was to be washed down with only home-brewed ale. Though there were thirty-six varieties of Spanish wines and fifty-six kinds of French wines familiar to the Englishman and for sale in the vintneries, they were reserved for spending the nights over at the tavern or in the gentleman's living-rooms, they were not served at all with meals. It was allowable for the gentleman always to set before his guest the constant dry Sherry called Sack or Sherris Sack, or—with a saucer of sugar—"sack and sugar." But the ambitious of regard

or great nobleman strove for as many varieties as he could muster of the Spanish and French exotics.

"Well, pretty Joan," began Shakespeare, how doest all in Bristol town and camest thou hither prosperously and hath my Judith here had the grace to use thee cousinly and well?" I' faith, I am right glad to see thee here, for I love thy father well, and thy brother the priest. An' I can say naught of him but that I wish he were no priest for an hour if I could get him up to the—up to London, I would say."

"Father is well," answered Joan Morgan," and my brother is well, and much do they have speech together touching thee and thy plays, and how thou hast put our name, or rather mine brother's name, into thy *All's Well,* a sodden play, my brother Thomas calls it, but he thanks thee for the courtesy all the same—"

"Yes, I did make Parolles confess himself to Morgan in that play, though indeed Welsh names have scant place in the Frenchman's land, I grant ye! But I have another play but now in my mind, and I shall do better yet by thee. Faith, I have the story pat. I shall make a young girl like my Viola (I will call her Imogen, which is "Morgan" twisted, as thou seest), in a green sickness, travel by foot in Wales by Milford Haven, and the best man in the play, he of the kindest heart and the highest courtesy and of the greatest worth shall be called "Morgan." Indeed, I think that he shall rescue her from purse-takers, or lions—"

"Nay, nay, Cousin William, bethink thee there are no lions in Wales."

"And wilt thou chide me too, little woman? Drayton says that I have put great serpents and lions into the forests about Warwick, and do make all words serve some turn, no matter what meaning they may perchance bear. But enow. What thinkest thou of thy cousins here? It is many a day since thou hast seen them all."

"Well, thou cousin, art still youthful, in doublet and hose. And as for sweet Judith—I would I were a man: Tom Quiney, but now, for he passes for a man (this with a mocking grimace at Judith), for her sake: but when I shortly take myself back down river to Bristol she will go too, and I'll warrant you there are gallant in Bristol City will not make her cry out her eyes for Straford oafs"

"Nay, nay, make no shift of slurring at our Stratford youth. And our Judith will not bear with over much slander of Tom Quiney neither, an' I know the wench," and her father gave a smile and a nod at Judith.

"And may she go with me, then, Cousin William," said Joan.

"Ask the goodwife there," said Shakespeare, taking a long pull at the tankard.

"Surely, I will ask Cousin Anne first. But your permit—"

"My leave, surely, if hers is first had—but how canst thou thyself leave the Stratford gallants?"

"Dost think that Joan hath no sweetheart sir," said Judith, who now for the first time had spoken.

"Nay, how should I know?" said her father.

"Ask her, then," said Judith.

"Peace, peace, vixens," cried the mother, rising from her place. "Sweethearts indeed! Is it that I am to hear of nothing but sweethearts? Nathless ye think that such talk will best suit the father, and that he cannot speak with ye of higher things. Are your souls naught? The city, the playhouse, the inns, and worse! What is it that Master Byfield and I do pray without ceasing for ye all, if ye will not pray yourselves? Ah! woe for England—woe for all of ye—with your junketings and your revellings, and your sweethearts and your kisses. Comest thou home, William, to fill your young maids' ears with thoughts of sweethearts and gallants?"

But Shakespeare had evidently been prepared for more outbursts and had determined upon another tack. "Run, Judith, quickly," he said, turning to his daughter, "and see if the Reverend Richard Byfield hath left a morsel of sack in the butt. For he prays not but when he wants in meat, and what he wants in meat he'll triple in drink. "Be merry, be merry, my wife has all," and Shakespeare hummed Master Silence's catch in Justice Shallow's orchard in Gloucestershire as he sat with Falstaff, Davy and Bardolph for the last time.

"Peace, peace, sir," almost shouted the now frantic Mistress Anne. "Peace, maids," she added, raising her arm as Judith and Joan were almost at the sobbing point. "Let him go back to his queans and his harlotries, his strumpets and his suppers after the Play that John Hall saith—"

Her voice had risen some octaves above nature, but she stopped suddenly, for Shakespeare dashed his tankard to the polished floor with a crash and leaped to his feet, his face white with rage.

"A pox of what John Hall saith—I would Susannah had never seen his malkan face! Tell him to brevet among his own kicky-wicky hens and —"but he paused in time, only to thunder in a still louder key. "Seek your chamber Madame! seek your chamber. I but came to plant his Magesty's mulberry tree in our orchard, but it may plant itself betimes, for I'll seek

mine own house in London to-morrow where ye shall timely write me for pardon! I say, seek your chamber!"

"Ah father, father, do not forget, she is our mother. She hath many trials. She hath"—cried Judith.

"Ah marry, I know about the heifer, and the beadle, and John Squeele his cheese, and the smith's reckoning! But peace I will have. When I am not by you shall rail as ye will, Mistress Anne. But when I am come!—"

Neither of the maidens could foresee to where the anger of Shakespeare —who was now thoroughly aroused—could end, when there came another clang at the knocker.

This time Shakespeare himself, glad of a diversion, strode to the great hallway, opened the door and pulled it wide. "Ah, welcome, welcome, Tom Quiney!" he cried, as he recognized the new-comer by the flicker of the rushlight which had meanwhile been hung. "Thou comest at a fitting time, for the goodwife was but now going to bed and I am for the Falcon and a night on't, and Judith is but at finishing supper and there is another maiden here thou knowest. How fares it with thy father, Tom Quiney, and the kind mother and how thy pelting self. I'll warrant thou hast forgotten more than thou knowest!"

But Shakespeare, in spite of gossips galore at the Falcon Inn, did not drink deep. He had already made up his mind that if his stormy Puritan spouse was impossible, there was mettle more attractive close at hand. For if, in most men, Shakespeare not excepted, each new face created a new fancy, the background of a bituminous theology in a scolding wife might better set off a pretty face in the foreground than a lesser temperature could reckon with. "Why should I not love the little Bristol maid? A man's as young as he feels—I have horse will follow where the game makes way!" And by the time he was well tucked under the bright red counterpane of the best bed at New Place—he had resolved that Mistress Davenant's Diamond should grace a younger finger!

"Come and kiss me, sweet and twenty
Life's a stuff will not endure"

and, humming his own catch, he fell asleep!

III.

SIT BY MY SIDE AND LET THE WORLD SLIP. WE SHALL NE'ER BE YOUNGER.

It was late in the morning when he awoke and unfastened the lattice for the crisp morning air. In Shakespeare's day there was except at court sometimes no such thing as breakfast, or indeed anything until the mid-day meal, except home-brewed ale at pleasure, it being the custom for the men on rising to go about their vocations, and the women to seek their homely or housewife duties without greeting. But Shakespeare had no patience to hear his man John Sackington's long tales of duties awaiting his master. Among other things Shakespeare—being an Armiger, was a magistrate; and John Sackington informed him that the first thing to be done was to get rid of a lot of petty charges awaiting Pie-poudre trial—But Shakespeare would none of it.

"Nay, I'll not waste any single day at home in hearing how Hodge hath turned his goodwife out o' doors, or how Goody Crumpet's chimney smoketh into John a' Combe's windows, or how Widow Naps hath impounded the Vicar's yearling ligs, or Caleb Pilcher the hunchback, his woes —give him ale enow and dispatch him—" But there was Joan in the doorway!

When the soldiers of King Henry the fourth invaded Wales and saw the Welsh maidens, that wise King was moved to forbid by penalty of fine and gaol an English soldier marrying a Welsh wife, lest English lassies should go unhusbanded. And surely if dainty little Joan Morgan was a specimen of Welsh maidenhood, the temptation must have justified the penalty! She was radiant in rosy loveliness as she met Shakespeare after he had summarily disclaimed his magistrate's duties, and it was no wonder that he forgot all about poor Caleb Pilcher, the hunchbank at the scullery door. Indeed, an appointment at court might well be waived for an appointment with such a vision. Already snatches of the new play (it was to be called "The Tempest" in memory of his stormy welcome by goodwife Anne, the sweeter vision to be perpetuated in Miranda, in everlasting tribute to the Bristol maid) were scurrying about in Shakespeare's brain. "'I do beseech you, chiefly that I may mention it in my prayers, what is your name?' That would be fair overture when the youth chosen shall meet her first, as I meet her now." Only he had no intention of being Prospero, the opposite part of Ferdinand, being more to his taste. He did not, however, say anything about his prayers, or ask Joan in supererogation what her name might be. What he did say was, as he saluted her:

"I' faith, pretty cousin, thou lookst as if thou hadst just risen out of the sea, as did Aphrodité."

"My name in Cymric is *More Can,* an' that meaneth 'born by the sea,' uncle Shakespeare," said Joan, as she returned the salute with a pretty smack.

"Ay I wot it, sweet lass," said Shakespeare, not a bit disconcerted with so hearty and niece-and-uncle-like kiss, "and I know too that thine ancestor Thomas Morgan the Monk of Bangor made his name over into Greek 'Pelagos Uios' and voided at Rome that pious Heresy that there was no Original Sin—and mayhap he achieved it from looking into eyes as bright as thine—and was not drawn to the lions for it neither."

"All the ladies in thy plays have bright eyes, uncle William," answered Joan, "and thou sayest these pretty things in speech that they may ever be ready at thy pen's end."

It had happened that—the very morning before—Joan had, as the custom was, asked her hostess's permission to return to her home, a permission which of course Mistress Shakespeare had readily accorded. But now she broached another request—"Cannot Judith accompany me on the hoy—(for on hoys—probably something like our modern cat-boats, which would float down the Avon to the Severn and so to Bristol—was most of the commerce of Stratford then conducted). "Nay, nay, nay," Mistress Shakespeare had almost screamed. "Hath my misguided husband already so corrupted thee that thou shouldst not deem it unseemly that two maids should journey, unattended save by Fulke Sandells (the owner of the hoy—who was to take his wool-combing to Bristol on the morrow.)

"But must I alone on the hoy, then?" said Joan. "For I know not how else to gain my father's home. An' two maids cannot so journey, how unmannerly, by your leave and favor, dear Aunt Shakespeare, for one poor little maid alone to so journey?"

"Aunt me no aunts," responded Mistress Anne, "and uncle mine sinful husband no uncles. We are less than kin to thee, and not more than kind. For albeit we love thee in the bonds of the flesh, thee and thy people are not of the covenant, though I fain thou wer'st. The harlot of Rome and her abominations thou clingest to, and thou hast a brother—or some other kin, is't?—who is a woe-begotten priest. Nay, Joan, maiden, I did not mean to be harsh to thee" (for the poor girl had begun to cry bitterly). "Nay, nay, weep not. I will give thee some tracts to peruse on thy journey that Mr. Byfield, whom thous knowest, hast writ, wherby thou may'st have the means—an thou hast the grace given thee—to timely avoid the

wrath that is and that which is to come. For how shall they know without a preacher, and how shall one preach unless he be sent, and how shall one be sent to those whom the priests keep apart from the hearing of the word? Trust me, Joan, we, who now lift up our voices but in the market-place and the commons, shall yet break into your domes, and your churches, and your ministers, and we will break your painted images, and the baubles, and gew-gaws, and the furbishings—and the Lord will know His own in that day—and there shall be mirth in funeral, and death in marriage, and all the children of revelling shall be brought low. But no more now, Joan. It's not by thy fault but of thy teaching, which, poor child, thou canst not break from, that thou sinnest."

"But must I go alone, dear Mistress?" sobbed Joan, who wisely brought this diatribe to a close, by a jump at the main issue.

"Nay. I doubt not but I can summon some discreet and earnest brother such as is Praise-God Soul-grace, who prayed with us but yesterday, but who hath small store of this world's treasure, who, for a slack remuneration, will see thee safely in Bristol town. He can return with Master Sandells, and God knows but ghostly conversation and opportunity may bring Master Fulke himself to conviction. For I think I have heard that they who sail with tide and current have many an hour that lacks occupation." But Judith shall abide at home. She goeth not to Bristol fairings!

But for Joan, correct and virtuous as she was, the prospect of a long day of Brother Soulgrace's society and conversation had little relish of salvation. She knew, too, that she would not, as a good Catholic, be allowed, even had she wished, to read Parson Byfield's tracts, or to listen to the calamity-ranters, who saw small good in anything but a destruction of the world, and, as it seemed to her, of everything that was not ugly and disagreeable. All this was propitious for Shakespeare, however—who hearing of the difficulty, settled it at once by saying, to the vast chagrin of his lady, when she saw how she had played his game in all. "I ride to London by way of Oxford to-morrow, and Joan shall ride my pillion, and—(to Joan)—Mistress D'Avenant will care for thee over-night at the Crown Inn and we will to London next day, and Michael Drayton's wife shall lodge thee until thy brother John Morgan the Priest can come from Bristol to fetch thee! And as he said, so was it.

The outset was, of course, very early in the morning and only Judith and Tom Quiney were on hand to bid Shakespeare and his lovely pillion a prosperous ride to Oxford.

In those days unmarried women—unless they were of the Court—poured themselves into close fitting bodices, and wore plain kirtles instead of the ridiculous farthingales, and affected none of the brilliant ornaments that the well-to-do married woman carried to the extent of her husband's purse. Joan's pillion costume was sombre brown and her gauntlets unstiched with ornaments. A tight fitting cap of black velvet, over a soft white partlet framed her chin and brilliant cheeks, and set off deliciously the great azure eyes and the red moue of a mouth. Indeed a tempting picture of maiden beauty was the little Welsh damsel, and as Shakespeare looked down at the small brown gauntlets clasping themeslves lightly at his belt-buckle—or turned his head so, that his mustache brushed the lovely chin—he felt that so far as propinquity at least would do his trick—the trick was done.

Free as were the speech and manner of days when a Romeo could kiss a Juliet the first time they met—poor little Juliet asked Romeo the first time she ever saw him if his purpose was marriage, and when he kissed her only pleasantly remarked that, according to his domino of a Palmer, he should have rightly only have kissed her hand: just as "modest" meant "not given to self-praise" and "gentle" meant "of gentle birth"—the standard of social purity was about as at present. It was nowhere pretended among marriageable persons that they might not possibly marry if they found it agreeable, and they frankly made the possibility a subject of conversation! If they could not bandy the brilliant repartee of Benedict and Beatrice at least they would be quite as double entendre and suggestive. The society of the time was far from being complex, and there was little or nothing upon which a man or a woman could vent their sense of humour, except the relations between the sexes—But here was a new situation!

The problem with Shakespeare seemed to be one to give pause even to the creator of Romeo and Angelo. He had never quite dealt with such a situation. After all, his back was to her, he could not see her blushes! After the first plunge, even a cold bath could be warmed with impassioned words. So they had not long doubled the hill which shut out Stratford town, then he began.

"Now Joan, sweetheart, it is long to the next town and my horse here must need wait for his oat, but with you and me it is not so, and when you will, I have a something large pack for our reflection." "My dear uncle William, I noticed that it was not small, and marvelled if it were all cates:" answered Joan unsuspectingly.

"Better and better; it was Uncle Shakespeare at New Place; now it

is Uncle William. It will next be Uncle Will—next uncle, and I had my will. 'Will' next."

But this he said in his mind. What he said in words, was:

"Nay, not at all cates, though thou shouldest eat nothing else, sweet Joan, had I my way. But in yon pack are good broad eating for an hungry man and—"

"And a hungry damsel" Uncle Will, "for when I have a mind towards victuals, I eat as a colt, so my father hath it. But tell me what thou hast, and I will take the sweetest only, for thou sayest I must have the sweetlings only, and I take thee at thy parol."

"So thou shalt, sweet one. Well, for the catalogue. Item: a marrow pie, with ginger and raisins. Item: another pie, a pilchard pie. Item: capers and eschalots. Item: three herring pasties, with cloves and galingalls. Item: a cheese. Item: a quartern loaf of wheat bread. Item: two bottles of canary wine—Judith put these in herself. Aye, and that bethinks me, what divine you that I fetched for Judith down from London but forgot it until now."

"Nay, I know not. What was't uncle?" said Joan.

"Fork!"—"What, dear uncle?" "Fork! Didst not know that—"

"Nay how should'st thou know, that his majesty hath ordered forks from Italy, and many have been distributed. I have but the one, but I can send Judith another, and now I will give thee this, and thou shalt remember that thou usedst it first on thy journey a-pillion with thy Shakespeare."

"There," he said to himself," is a point gained. I had all but said 'thine Uncle Shakespeare.'" And so pleased was he with the phrase that he repeated it—"thy Shakespeare."

"And will 'my Shakespeare,'" said Joan coyly, "teach me the employment and the how of it?"

"To be pat, I will. Thou holdest it in thy left hand always, never laying it down as thou dost thy knife and napkin, and when thou hast cut thy matter into morsels, thy fork is for carriage of them to thy mouth."

"There better I used it first in pillion, for thou hast not eyes in thy back, and I like me not to be laughed at."

"Come, then, take thou the leaders, Harry of the North will stand, and we will dismount. Here is, but a little further on, a cross and a loving-bench—and here will we eat and drink and wish all well at Bristol and at New Place and at the Globe on the Bankside."

At a word from his master, "Harry of the North" stopped opposite

the Cross, and Shakespeare unclasped the little brown gauntlets at his waist. When he had dismounted, Joan was for placing her hands on his shoulders and, thus, purchased, leaping herself to the ground. But Shakespeare would none of that, and took her bodily and tightly in his arms and was in no hurry to place her on her feet either. Besides he touched her cheeks with his lips which Joan, mistaking, returned with as hearty and as cousinly a kiss as any cousin could expect, and as indeed the custom of the times justified to a kinsman even had she then met Shakespeare for the first time.

"Thank thee dear Uncle," she said, "for the lovingest ride I have had this many a day."

"Nay I have somewhat for thee else that thou mayest not forget thy ride when Bristol sweethearts press thee. Wilt let me hold thy left gauntlet?" When Joan had removed it, "Now thy hand, sweet Joan." Joan extended her hand and Shakespeare, first kissing it, slipped upon its love-finger, Mistress D'Avenant's diamond ring!

"Oh Uncle Will," cried the delighted maiden. For Joan like all English girls, knew diamonds only as items in the splendour of noble lords and ladies—as toys beyond covet to the commoner, (though the sumptuary-laws of the date, while rigid as to men's apparell, did not deny any sort of bravery to woman): and so, were she lucky enough to possess one, Joan might wear it without fear of tipstaff or tithing-man.

"Not thy Uncle Will, but thy Will now and forever," whispered Shakespeare—"Sweetheart, I love thee, Ah Joan, I love thee, I love thee, I love thee—" and before Joan could resist he took her in his arms and kissed her full upon the cupid's bow of her lips. "My love my love—My wife that is to be an' thou lovest me, Joan dearest!"

But the demure Welsh maiden struggled and disengaged herself from Shakespeare's amorous arms. "Alas, Uncle Will, what will Judith say, What will Judith say?"

Perhaps even to the perfervid Shakespeare, a sense of humor might have suggested that the real question was—"What will Mistress Anne Shakespeare say!" But if the thought of it arose in him it did not find words.

"Nay lovely Joan, I seek thee in honourable fashion. I am thy wooer, Joan, as betimes thy lover. Ask the brother Sir Priest. He will tell thee that it is written: 'Be thou not unequally yoked with unbelievers.' Truly the Pope himself shall set me free from yon old Puritan harridan, thou hast seen at New Place. Nay truly, thy Will can do more than that!

Look you, I am in the walks of the court—thy husband e'en now for the asking to be; 'Sir William Shakespeare, Baronet,' aye or Baron or Earl for that matter, and Lady Joan Shakespeare toss her pretty head with the best of them. For I tell thee that at court there beest none so fair as thou." And none shall surpass thee in bravery neither, thy jewels as thy beauty shall teach the torches to burn bright. Joan—Lady—Joan; Queen Joan an I were King—nay best of all, My Joan."

Joan drew herself up as if a Queen indeed.

"Uncle Will," she said, "I am but a poor Welsh maiden—a poor Ship-chandler's daughter, I have none to champion me. My brother is a priest and cannot draw sword. Listen, dost know why I sought New Place but now? Belike I shouldst have told thee as I told none other, but —but I purposed telling Aunt Anne, thy Anne—thou seemst to have forgotten her—But she looked so coldly on me, I durst not—." Poor Joan could no longer hold back her tears, and she sank to the earth sobbing as if her fluttering little heart rent indeed. Shakespeare grovelled beside her, and would have taken her in his arms again, but she drew away. "Indeed, indeed, she sobbed, it was to escape a wicked nobleman and his creatures that my brother brought me from Bristol to thy roof. Nay, I will tell thee his name, and if thou indeed lovest me, thou canst prove it me against him."

No matter how infatuated; the man is not born of woman who is not ready to defer his passion to bluster against the enemy of his lady-love! "What then, is the name?"

"Dost know Sir Thomas Stuckeley?"

At the name of the son and copy of his father—the most notorious libertine and chevalier d'industré in Europe: pirate, swashbuckler—duellist, at once—now in the confidences, and now in the dungeons, of kings—now leader of armies and now fugitive with a price on his head; in short, everything by turns and nothing long, the soi-disait "Duke of Ireland;" Shakespeare's love-making turned to wrath. "Ay, I know that devil well —what wouldest he do to thee, Joan?" he growled.

Joan did not reply directly.

"And I sought New Place for safety, for my father is old and my brother is a poor Religious and hath no sword and my kinsman, alas! is no better than the ravisher I fled from. "Nay, nay, my pretty Joan, protested the now unhappy Shakespeare. I am thy guardian and thou art my ward. Cannot I ask my ward to wife? True I have a wife, Got wot she is no less. But I tell thee fair, she can and shall be lawfully put away

ere I ask thy hand again. And as for Tom Stuckeley, death! he has smuggled his last pipe of mahnsley!

For Shakespeare, as did all the world, knew that just at this time young Stuckeley was under the Royal warrant at Bristol to arrest such contraband who were most skillful in eluding the coast guards of St. George's channel in the neighborhood of that port. Though, as was almost equally well known, he himself had no objection to the contraband that paid him richly to look the other way. (This sort of thing was common enough). Not a few officers of the English coast were of that day smugglers themselves, and none of their own aqua vitae paid the customs duty. It was even alleged that the Crown permit to smuggle might be bought by a trifle of zeal in hanging the smuggler who had not the cash to buy immunity at court. And Shakespeare knew too, that Miles Morgan's Chandlery being down among Bristol docks, it was more or less likely that his beautiful daughter had dangerously attracted the attention of the lawless gangs that consorted thereabouts.

But naught that Shakespeare could say could comfort the poor little maiden. "Ah," she sobbed, "where can an honest maid live honest in England when her own kinsfolk would mislead her?" "But I seek not to mislead thee, little one," cried Shakespeare. "Seek I thee not for my wife?"

"Shakespeare, the man I honoured and worshipped next to heaven, the great Shakespeare, of whom I would list to no wrong bruited! whom I have been so proud to brag of as mine kinsman," and Joan's tears came faster and faster. "With lovers lacking matter" saith Rosalind, "the best shift is to kiss": and Shakespeare was wondering if under the circumstances there were anything to be done but to take Rosalind's advice and the maiden in his arms, when horses were heard approaching. The sound of hoofbeats in those days was a call to be wary. So there was naught left but for the twain to remount willy nilly, and willy nilly Joan must resume her pillion and the tightest kind of clasp of her arms around her horseman; and perhaps even simple little Joan reflected that a damsel could not be well at sword's point with a man she was hugging in her arms with all her might! And how could she prevent it, without tumbling from her seat at risk of her life, if Shakespeare every now and then fondled the small gauntlets at his belt buckles?

But the sound of hoof beats grew louder and the spires of Oxford were not yet in sight; and just as Harry of the North had been permitted to lapse in to an amble, four horsemen, two from behind and two myster-

iously appearing from a copse just ahead of him drew up around horse, rider and pillion!

All four wore masks, but Shakespeare's quick eye thought it detected in the two that stopped the way, the two drinkers at The Devil of his last night with Drayton and Jonson. Shakespeare was unarmed save for his sword and the two pistols in his holsters. But these, encumbered as he was with his pillion rider he could not reach for. So there was nothing to do but to dismount and tender his purse. When the Roadsters had satisfied themselves that they had all, the tallest of the knaves—a slim young scoundrel with a tilting swagger approached Joan, who was sobbing at the roadside. "Nay, we will harm thee not, little one, so thou wilst perchance remove thy glove," he said. "Nay, thy left," he added, as Joan offered to pull off her right-hand gauntlet. There was nothing to do but to comply.

"And now thy jewel." And Shakespeare was forced to see his diamond—which neither Joan nor Mistress Davenent were fated to ever wear—drop into the pouch of the Captain of the road knights.

When all was over the captain beckoned to the one of his troop whose activities had been confined to holding Harry of the North by the bit bridle, and, relieving him, was soon himself in Harry's soft Cordovan saddle. "I would I could take thy pillion as well, dear Shakespeare," he said gaily. "But another day will I promise me as much and as she is not clad for footing it, and as the road is yet long to Oxford, take thou my poor mare. She is something spavined and gone lame of three legs, but I brought her only to exchange for thy mount. My duty to Mistress Davenant and bid her from me that she look well to her Shakespeare or yon little Bristol maid may steal away his kisses!"

The sorriest Rosinante was better than trudging; and, besides, as Shakespeare kissed Joan as he lifted her into her pillion-place and felt that thrill of perfect understanding that mutual misfortunes compensate misfortune with, and when he said "Kiss me Sweetheart" and Joan was able to manage it, he cared little for loss of purse and mount! Nevertheless he felt that she was trembling and had already guessed the cause. "Was it he, sweetheart?" "Yes love, that was Sir Stuckeley, I cannot be mistook, though I have never heard his voice ere this. But, O my love! think ye! will he yet undo me? Something yet telleth me he will. For he hath beyond a score of creatures and they linger about our house night and day!" "Nay, but somewhat telleth me he will not" answered Shakespeare. "I'll roast his goose and smoke his skin-coat. Nor do I need

meet him to fetch it. Did I not tell thee I have friends at court?" And so Joan was comforted, and Shakespeare found but one hand needful to manage his sorry mare, while the other squeezed—and anon raised to his lips—a certain dainty brown gauntlet, until the spires of Oxford hove in sight and until rider and pillion presented themselves, purseless, ringless, forkless too, yet not too glad that the ride was over, at the portal of the Crown Inn!

Men worship women kneeling. When they get up on their feet they go away. Did Shakespeare, when he got up from his knees before his twenty-four hours little Welsh goddess, walk away? Or did he stay in love for three whole days, or maybe for one whole week together?

Who can tell how oft he offendeth? Shakespeare the man of many souls—now a Hamlet and now a Falstaff. Not less an Antony to conquer a queen that a Romeo to woo a Juliet. What one woman could forever possess so many souled a man? And as for Joan, poor child how could she do more than worship?

Nathless we may never know. But any one who will dusty his fingers by turing over the Great Orphan Book and Book of Wills of Bristol City will spell out that "Joan Morgan spinster aet 17, sole daughter of Miles Morgan of the Worshippfull Company of Ship Chandlers by his wife Joan Schakfesspeare, obit Aprill, 1613," preceding to the tomb by exactly three years her kinsman (and possibly, had there not been already a Mistress Shakespeare, troth-plighted), William Shakespeare the Great!

As for the austere Mistress Anne nee Hathway (or, perhaps, Whately) it is recorded that when she found herself a widow—she lost little time in wedding a Puritan exhorter, one Richard James, dying herself in 1623, the year that her great first husband's Plays started together into Literature; the very year, too, that poor little Joan's brother Miles Morgan (whose statue does it not stand in the Public Square of Springfield in far-off Massachusetts to this day to witness if I lie?) sailed from Bristol-town to Boston in the colony of Massachusetts Bay.

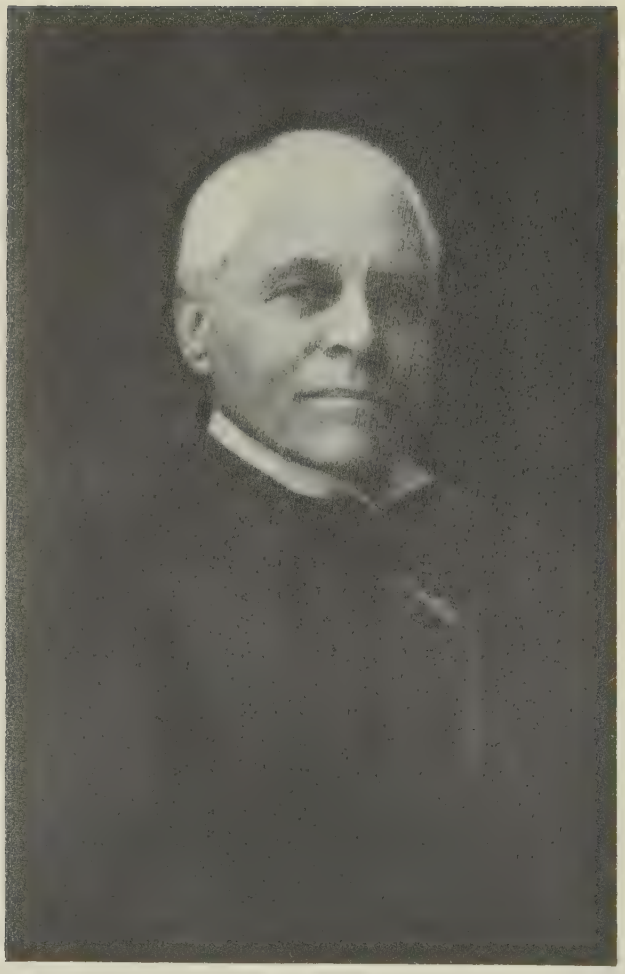
Judith married her Tom Quiney; who, with her patrimony, set up a vintner's business in Stratford-on-the-Avon, in the house called "The Cage," which stands there to-day! But Shakespeare himself, albeit immortal in his works, writ his name in water as a man among men, for no child of his name survived his funeral!

John Balderston, 3rd.

MARGINALIA

THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY DESIRES TO PUBLISH ITS DEEP sense of personal loss in the death of the Hon. Edwin Reed. Mr. Reed applied for membership in this Society because he could not perceive because he believed that "William Shakespeare" was a pseudonym of Francis Bacon's, that he was any the less a Shakespeare Scholar or loyal to the transcendent literature known as "Shakespeare," any more than a Bible scholar ceases to be a Biblicist he doubts the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. And he was a welcome and a distinguished member of the Society for eighteen years.

Henirich Heine says somewhere that our Ideas are our Tyrants. They force us into the arena to fight for them. Mr. Reed believed that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare Plays. He determined that the entire world ought to believe it and for twenty years he gave his study, time and fortune to insisting that the world should believe it. Nobody who did not know Mr. Reed personally can conceive of his absorbtion, in the subject. He dreamed, thought, talked, of nothing else. And yet it is to his eternal praise that, absorbed as he was, and dominated as he was (for the Baconian theory was his Religion) there is not in one of the six portly volumes he has left behind him (the ultimate revision of innumerable editions which came from his pen almost with the regularity of stated periodicals) one single hectic, impatient, petulant or angry word. All is as cold, calm, and achromatic as if he were discussing the binomial theorem, or the procession of the equinoxes. To be strenuous, didactic, satirical or sarcastic, is one thing: to keep one's temper when other people are strenuous, dogmatic, satirical, sarcastic and abusive to onesself, is quite another! Edwin Reed was called, "crazy," "idiotic," "ignorant," "imbecile," "halfbaked," "half-informed" and almost everything else. But he never retorted or noticed anything but argument or statement of fact. "Ignorant" he certainly was not, for if ever a man was "educated" he was. He was the graduate of an New England college (Bowdoin) and afterwards a student at a preferred German University and was equally at home in dead and living languages (if that makes for scholarship). "Half-baked" he certainly was not, if that phrase means "premature," or a tendency to "go off half-cocked!" For he undertook a pilgrimage to Wolfenbuttel, and actually obtained permission to examine the papers of that Duke of Bruns-



EDWIN REED

wick who held that title in 1589, in order to find the Duke's instructions to the engraver of a curious cryptic picture which formed a frontispiece to his Latin Work on Cryptograms printed in 1593, the very existence of which instructions Mr. Reed assumed, arguing that no engraver could have produced so extraordinary a picture without explicit directions. (This picture was reproduced, plate VII, facing page 112 of Volume II of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA). The point was, that this picture was claimed to express the Duke's private information that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Mr. Reed, more than any living human being, was, of course, anxious that it should be so interpreted. Such an interpretation would have crowned his life's labours with victory. But after hunting for, and actually finding what he was searching for, and after patiently deciphering the three-hundred-years-old German hand-writing, Mr. Reed found that the picture had no reference to Bacon whatever. And he wrote a letter to the (London) Times to so state. (And it is perhaps a proof of the weakness of poor human nature that certain parties in London, who plant their faith on Cipher's in Shakespeare's plays, have never forgiven Mr. Reed for disposing of their sensation.

Mr. Reed's absorbtion in Baconian matters did not prevent his usefulness as a citizen. He was twice Mayor of his native city (Bath, Maine) where his father had been a wealthy ship builder and ship owner to which enterprises Mr. Reed succeeded in course. He was many times a member of the Maine Legislature. In earlier days he wrote a pamphlet on the perennial Prohibition dogma, to the utmost of which his native state has at least been loyal to the considerable sacrifice of her commercial prosperity. This pamphlet was not acceptable to the reformers because it marshalled figures to show that their objects could be better attained by giving bread to the hungry that by preachment to empty stomachs. But it will bear reprinting to-day. Nor was his passion for Baconian things at the expense of his domestic virtues. He was a loving husband, father and brother, and a loyal friend. No one who ever saw his grave and finely chiselled face break to his ever-winning smile, or grasped his cordial hand, will ever forget Edwin Reed! And he has gone to the precincts where, if all there is made right which so puzzles us here, he will know the truth as to that authorship of Shakespeare, as to which, while sojourning in these, he never entertained the slightest Doubt. A. M.

WE HAVE VERY OFTEN TAKEN OCCASION TO REMARK THE CONSUMMATE Editorial ability with which *The Dramatic Mirror* is conducted. But it

has never contained anything finer than this, touching the late Victorien Sardou, who died September 8, 1908, and the reason why—great as he was—his art was not to be immortal, as (trite as it is to repeat) Shakespeare's was and is and is to be!

"If Sardou had died twenty years ago, or even fifteen years ago, the chorus of English-speaking praise and appreciation of him as a dramatist would have been pronounced. As it was, the period of his hold upon this theatre had expired before he himself, full of years, and rich in a material sense, passed from the scene. He outlived his legitimate term as dramatist, not because his mind had lost its cunning, but for the reason that with amazing quickness in recent years new men and methods in the theatre had risen and been enforced, and the system that Sardou represented—of which, in fact, he was the chief—had fallen into disuse. And yet Sardou's life work was prodigious, and in its legitimate time a source of pleasure and wonder in the theatre. Even now, on occasion, in the hands of histrionic genius, his most theatric fabrics will thrill and amaze even the critic who, removed from their influence, may write coldly of Sardou's artistic passing. Sardou has been held up in many of the estimates of his work and method penned since his death not only as an opportunist in his selection of ephemeral topics for elaborate dramatic treatment, but also, as one who ignored his own possibilities—predicated of his earlier playwriting—for artistically progressive work in favor of the call of the hour for its more tangible reward. In this he was at one with his age. He was not the only genius—for this possession may not be denied him—whose feet sought the path that promised the greatest profit. Men of his time in all walks of life have concentrated on the same object. They must have known—as Sardou no doubt knew—that in seeking the direction of greatest material gain one must relinquish more permanently honorable and sentimental rewards.

As we go to press we learn that there has been formed in London a Society which will be called "The Sixteenth Century Literary Society," which, early in the new year will launch a monthly Journal which will be called "The Sixteenth Century." "Baconiana" will be continued, as before, as a quarterly. But the inspiration of the new Society and of the Monthly will be Mr. William T. Smedley, late Hon. Secretary of the Bacon Society, and late Editor of "Baconiana." "The Sixteenth Century" will discuss Baconian authorship matter as a branch of Shakespeare study, permitting no rancour or discourtesy of debate. And this is as it should be!

Books Received

330. The Elizabethan Parish in its Ecclesiastical and Financial Aspects. By Sedley Lynch Ware, A. B., LL. B., Fellow in History of Johns Hopkins University. 8vo., paper, pp. 93. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press.

334. Goverment Regulation of the Elizabethan Drama. By Virginia Cocheran Gildersleeve, Ph.D. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 258. New York: The Columbia University Press: The Macmillan Company.

323. The Supernatural in Shakespeare. By Helen Hinton Stewart. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 138. London: John Onsley.

331. Shakespeare's Proverbs. The Wise Saws of our Wisest Poet collected into a Modern Instance by Mary Cowden Clark. Edited with Introduction and Notes by William J. Rolfe. Cloth, 12mo., portrait, pp. 320. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

332. Thomas Chatterton. The Marvellous Boy. The Story of a Strange Life—1752-1770. By Charles Edward Russel. 8vo., cloth, pp. 286. Illustrated. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

336. Breath of the World. By Starr Hoyt Nichols. Author of Monta Rosa, the Epic of an Alp. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 272. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

337. Richard Mansfield. The Man and the Actor. By Paul Wilstach. Cloth, Royal, 8vo., pp. 497. Illustrated; Portraits. New York: Charles Scribners Sons.

338. The Life of Henry Irving. By Austin Brereton. With twenty-two collotype plates and twenty-one other Illustrations. Two volumes. Royal, 8vo., pp. 382-364. London, New York, Bombay and Calcutta: Longmans, Green & Co.

339. Hamlet auf der Deutschen Buhne bis zur Gegenwart, von Alexander von Weilen. 1 paper, pp. 200. Berlin: Druck und Verlag von George Reimer.

340. The American Stage of to-day. By Walter Pritchard Eaton, cloth, 12mo., pp. 338. Boston: Small Maynard & Co.

341. The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle. By W. T. Price. Author of The Technique of the Drama. Cloth, Royal, 8vo., pp. 479. New York: W. T. Price.

342. Hamlet and The Ur. Hamlet. By Appleton Morgan, LL. D. 8vo., pp. 320. Bankside style. New York and Westfield, New Jersey: The Shakespeare Press.

343. Behind the Scenes with the Mediums. By David P. Abbott. Second Edition. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 336. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

344. The Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars, 1597-1603. By Charles William Wallace. 8vo., paper, pp. xii-207. Lincoln, Nebraska: The University of Nebraska.

345. Other Dayes: Being Chronicles and Memories of the Stage. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

330-334-343. We suppose it may be affirmed that an English born scholar, next to his own age, knows the age of Elizabeth better than any period in the world's history. Surely if three works of specific importance such as these "The Elizabethan Parish in its Ecclesiastical Aspect," by Professor Ware. "Government Regulation of the Elizabethan Drama," by Miss Virginia Cocheran Gildersleeve, and "The Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars" can come simultaneously from three American Universities, then no English-speaking or English-reading person need lack familiarity with that Golden Day!

Of no one of these three admirable monographs could a synopsis be made within our limits. For all three of them are compactly re-written from the records without authors' commentary. Professor Ware's chapters touch upon every phase of his subjects. Minister's Duties, Church Warden's Duties, the uses and abuses of the system, the Effectiveness of Excommunications, etc. And an especially interesting chapter treats of the Control of the Church over Education and Opinion. In 1571, the Canons ordained that no one shall teach the humanities nor instruct boys whether in schools or in private families, without lisence from the Diocesan. Teachers are ordered every year to report to the Bishop what boys show "pregnant capacitie" in order that such may be enabled to continue their studies to acquire the liberal sciences—while others shall be placed by their parents to husbandry or other suitable craft, that they may grow to be useful members of the commonwealth. It is most interesting to find how public opinion was guided and channeled by the Ecclesiastical authorities. These provided such volumes as treated Scriptural Exegesis

and church polity for every parish. Such works, e. g.: as Erasmus's Paraphrases, Bullinger's Dicades, Bishop Jeweli's works, etc. Other books were such as narrated the adventures of Elizabeth's soldiers and sailors, and the glory of English History. For such current events as the overthrow of the Rebels in the north of England—the struggles of the French Protestants under Henry of Navarre—the terror of the Earthquake of 1570—the defeat of the Turk at Lepanto, etc., the people—in default of newspapers—heard about from the minister's lips in or out of the pulpit. Excommunication, that is, inhibition from attending the church's services, was considered a fearful penalty if long continued and a small duration of it was usually sufficient to bring the most inquiring mind to abject terms. What he was supposed to have been guilty of to merit that awful thing, appears to have been discretionary in the Cleric.

334. Miss Gildersleeve's "Government Regulation of the Elizabethan Drama," while moving in less ungleaned fields that Mr. Ware's, on the foregoing work, is especially full. It has chapters on I National Regulation, II The Master of the Revels. III The Nature of the Censorships, IV Local Regulations in London, 1543-1642 (two chapters), The Puritan Victory. There is an appendix of syllabi of all the Royal Patents to Companies of Players which is especially valuable. And the list of books cited and a very full and careful index make thus an especially relative work.

343. This is the long promised work of Prof. Charles William Wallace, who discovered the Chancery Documents in the London Public Records Office two years ago—the most important Shakespeare find since Malone's day, and one which had an Englishman made it, would have never failed to be so lauded. As an American discovered it were told by Dr. Furnival that it adds nothing to our knowledge of Shakespeare! (who except Dr. Furnival, by the way, has ever added to "our knowledge of Shakespeare?) We shall recur frequently to this work. But meantime list only the titles of its chapters: The Blackfriars Theatre Building and Stage. Its structure, arrangement and furnishings. Establishment of the Blackfriars Under Offical Grants. Actors and Singers—The two Functional Divisions of the children. Some Chamber Proceedings against the Use of the Children of the Chapel as Actors. Queen Elizabeth at the Blackfriars, her maintenance of children there. Her Requirements. The custom of sitting on the stage originating at Blackfriars. These are and will remain our final authoritiy. As to Prof. Wallace's chapter "The Hamlet Passage on the Blackfriars Children—we almost deplore his veneration for

German speculation. With every indebtedness to German commentary on Shakespeare matters, we have never for ourselves been able to perceive where the German equipment in dealing with essentially English matters did not do injury by the forcing of essentially German mental processes into regions of plain Fact.

That three such admirable works of specific research should appear almost simultaneously from three American Universities makes one regret that a national committee of some sort could not be devised to visé the callow efforts of young American Professors of literature who describe "American scholarship" before learned bodies over sea! Such an Institution might have prevented such gosling performances as Mr. George B. Churchill of Amherst College, his "Shakespeare in America" before the German Shakespeare Society, about two years ago!

332. Mr. Russell's Life of Chatterton is not a book to be summarized or epitomized. It should be read from cover to cover, and we doubt if it can be read at all without a moistened eye and a choking throat. For it is the story of a frail child, flogged and kicked and hustled to the wall, but who, while hungering for human sympathy even more than he hungred for bread, produced some of the most splendid lines in English Literature, "It is hard to be beaten for reading" was the poor child's comment under the rod. "And that speech was the keynote of Chatterton's whole life. Probably it was because, with a consciousness of the value of the secret work he produced, he invented an author for it lest he should be flogged more than ever—for falsehood; that he put his poetry into what he supposed was old English (but which betrayed him). And then this mere child was held up to reprobation as a Literary Forger and hounded and starved and driven to suicide! And the smug, fat-headed men who hounded a little child to his death paraded themselves as paragons and Dragons of public virtue. The horologist who made the wonderfullest clock that was ever seen had his eyes put out as his reward lest he should ever make another. But Chatterton was put to death outright. Thomas Chatterton was a sweet, sedate, gentle, boy, born to direst poverty. But his attenuated frame, which doubtless never knew what a full meal meant, seems to have had more than its share of floggings even in England, in days when the Bible and the Birchen rod were held to suppliment each other in making up the education of youth. He was flogged for reading, for writing, or for doing nothing at all. He was insulted by Walpole, who himself had produced matters under fictitious names, and snubbed by Dodsley, neglected by every one that by nature or duty should have pro-

tected him. When at last he did find the opportunity of earning a pittance that would keep his tiny body together—a wind blew out of heaven, chilling and killing the opportunity! There was no place for him in all the world. But he had his revenge on the world by tearing every manuscript of his own to fragments and scorning to bid any one farwell. He drank his hemlock proudly and died. Mr. Russell says (but as he says it, we read between his lines that he trembles lest he may not have warrant) that Chatterton's mother procured her son's body and that it lies in Redcliffe churchyard under shadow of that splendid fane he loved, and with which his whole life and work is associated. But who, that knows what an English "Crowner" and an English Beadle could be and were, can do more than wish it could have been true. Thomas Chatterton is buried no one knows where. He shares with Milton and with Sterne (to both of whom his writings bear analogy) the honour of an unknown grave. But the History of English Literature cannot be compassed without the chronicle of this child that died in his eighteenth year of life.

It is not we suppose, generally known that, during the brief period when Chatterton realized a regular employment he wrote espousing the cause of the American colonists against the ministerial tyranny that led to American Independence. But Mr Russell demonstrates that fact, and produces Chatterton's articles in that regard.

The pictures in the book are well chosen. The Wallis painting of the body stretched on the garret couch, two views of St. Mary Redcliffe Church, Bristol Bridge, Colston's School, the exterior of the house in London where the wonderful boy perished; and two fac similes of the Rowley Manuscript.

337. In a former number of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA (Vol. VI, p. 121), we expressed our conviction that Richard Mansfield's death removed from earth the greatest histrionic possibility of the nineteenth-twentieth century. And we cannot gainsay that lofty praise with these volumes before us. Mr. Wilstach has achieved the almost impossible, by writing in monotone of a man he admired, a man with whom a daily intimacy only day by day increased his admiration, he has told between his lines more than he has put into type. To us the following is perhaps the most touching of tributes. It is the last scene of all his strange eventful history (August 29th 1907).

"His wife held both his hands in hers, and said "God is life." He awoke and pressed her hands and answered "God is Love," and he drew her to him and kissed her. He did not speak again. The vigil was long.

No one knew how long until the rising sun broke across the foot of the bed, and disappeared. The sudden burst of light caught every eye. When they turned again to him he was no longer there. That evening in a dingly little theatre in Grand street, where he gathered the poor of the Yiddish quarter, the venerable Jacob Adler, before he began the play, came before the curtain and said in that language without a country, "Stand up." Everyone rose. "Now, take off your hats." They obeyed. "And now do you know why it is that I ask you to stand? It is because to-day the world has lost the greatest actor who spoke the English language. In all the history of the stage there have been few greater. Then he told them of Richard Mansfield's memorable achievements. "It is for this great man that I ask you to stand uncovered here to-night!"

At his death a wave of sorrow swept over the English speaking nations. The eulogy of the American and the English Press was spontaneous and unreserved. Across the road from Seven Acres is a quaint old burying ground, know from its founders as "Gardiner's Yard." Richard Mansfield had often visited it and loved its simplicity. Here in the seclusion of a hedged and shaded corner of his own choice his friends laid him to sleep his last sleep.

Richard Mansfield was born in Berlin, May 24, 1856, third child of Maurice Mansfield, a London wine merchant and Erminia Rudersdorff a famous prima donna. His first appearance on any stage was when as a child he hung on to his mother's robe as she left her dressing room and passed out before the footlights too frightened to know where he was.

In 1872 his mother Boston to sing in the Gilmore Peace Jubillee, and determined to make her home in the New England city. Here Richard became identified with an amateur theatrical club and was foremost in its productions until his departure for England in 1877. In London misfortune befell him. He was supposed by his mother to be following the art of painting, but was often penniless, sometimes hungry, and fought a hard fight with poverty. The stage offered him relief, and after many vicissitudes, he scored a success as Sir Joseph Porter in a second rate company, playing Gilbert and Sullivan's H. M. S. Pinafore.

His mother having died during his five years' stay in England, he returned to America and made his first appearance in New York at the Standard Theatre, afterward the Manhattan, September 27, 1882, as Dromez in Three Black Cloaks. His success early the next year, January 11, 1883, as Baron Chevrial in A Parisian Romance, is theatrical history, and Mr. Wilstach describes the event graphically. Mansfield at this time

was but 26 years old. The career of the actor after his successful start is told with much interesting detail, to the time of his preparations to leave the stage and his death, August 29, 1907, which most certainly was accelerated by his enormous labor in playing Peer Gynt, in itself a portly volume.

341. Mr. William T. Price's long experience as a practical reader of Plays for the Stage for several eminent managers of Metropolitan Theatres has made him a detective who can detect a successful-to-be plot where others would find only words; and contrariwise he can see failure lurking in what most of us would believe great dramatic possibility. In this book, Mr. Price tells how he does it. And he puts his art at the service of the would-be playwriter. Nothing so generous has ever before been attempted; certainly it has never been accomplished before. Mr. Price's work is a complete handbook of the science, and the applied science (that is to say, of the Art) of Playwriting. And it will be eagerly sought for as it deserves to be. Mr. Price takes three successful and typically successful plays; one romantic, one realistic and one "of contemporaneous human interest" (as Augustin Daly used to put it) to wit—"Ignomar." "A New Way To Pay Old Debts" and "Camille," and gives to his science the object-study of each. So that the book could be called without misnomer "The Whole Art of the Stage." We see no suggestion to make of a plan to enhance the value of this unique work.

345. Mr. William Winter is all the more valuable and interesting because he is a laudator temporis acti. Moreover, he writes the most delicious and pictorial English of any American living. It seems to us that with Washington Irving only can he be compared among American prose-writers living or dead. In this volume Mr. Winter collects divers of the theatrical sketches lately contributed by him to *The Saturday Evening Post* and, with a new introductory chapter, made a pleasing book, which is handsomely illustrated with portraits of famous actors and a photogravure from Frank Millet's capital painting of Mr. Winter himself. The book contains a short account of the history of the theatre in America, with sketches of John Philip Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Thomas A. Cooper, Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Brougham, Boucicault, Charlotte Cushman, Edward A. Sothern, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Mary Anderson, Adelaide Neilson, and Henry Irving. Twelve of these actors were intimate friends of Mr. Winter, and his accounts of their acting are framed with genial personal reminiscence.

342 In the volume "Hamlet and the Ur-Hamlet," which Dr. Appleton Morgan contributes to the Bankside-Restoration Series of The New

York Shakespeare Society, he disposes of the children—the boys who played women parts on Shakepear's stage—much as Lope de Vega adjusted the complications in his comedies for the curtain—with a hatchet! The doctor says, in effect, that while boys may have "gone on" for Juliet, Portia, Isabella, Imogen and the rest, they never pronounced the speeches now set down for those personages in our editions. "I simply don't believe it—did not believe it thirty years ago and don't believe it now," says Dr. Morgan. "Boys could not do it to-day and could not have done it then." The escape is the proposition that the Shakespeare plays were not performed with the text as we have it to-day from the First Folio—the action might have been similar, but the lines given to the players, while in full sort no doubt satisfying the action, were far and away something else."

Dr. Morgan ventures a few points of dramaturgical criticism which will perhaps command more assent than the foregoing. He remarks that the first entrance of the Ghost is the most crystallized dramatic effect in all stagecraft. The Ghost is mentioned, and a description of it demanded. An actor slowly begins a purely rhetorical and somewhat Aristotelian account of its appearance. This description has proceeded, but to the extent of twelve words, when instantly the Ghost itself is upon them! In dealing with the graveyard scene Dr. Morgan doubts if any but the most consummate dramatic art could have managed to interject rechauffement of a lawyer's tedious brief into the grim task of a couple of grave diggers and mordant the whole into the narrative as well as the action! An attempt to do the like or anything like it, Dr. Morgan believes was never made before, and will never be made again!

Dr. Morgan's theory of the Ur-Hamlet is somewhat revolutionary. He submits that as to the Hamlet that Shakespeare is believed to have rewritten; the German "Brudermord," settles it. That certain English actors with a Hamlet in repertoire sailed to Holland in the London off-season and went afoot into Germany and played what even they called Hamlet there. And that the German piece, as we have it to-day, is the action of that play with as much of the lines as the German rewriter could recollect. In a somewhat minute analysis of this "Brudermord," Dr. Morgan claims to find that the action thereof is very closely the action demanded by the almost hopeless first quarto, and that it goes to prove his thesis that the Shakespeare plays were not at all given in Shakespeare's day in theatres with the text as we now possess it. It is all very interesting and well maintained. But, if Dr. Morgan is correct, some of our "Annals of the Stage" must be rewritten.

***The Editors cannot undertake to return unused manuscript, though they will endeavor to do so if self-directed, stamped envelope is enclosed therewith.

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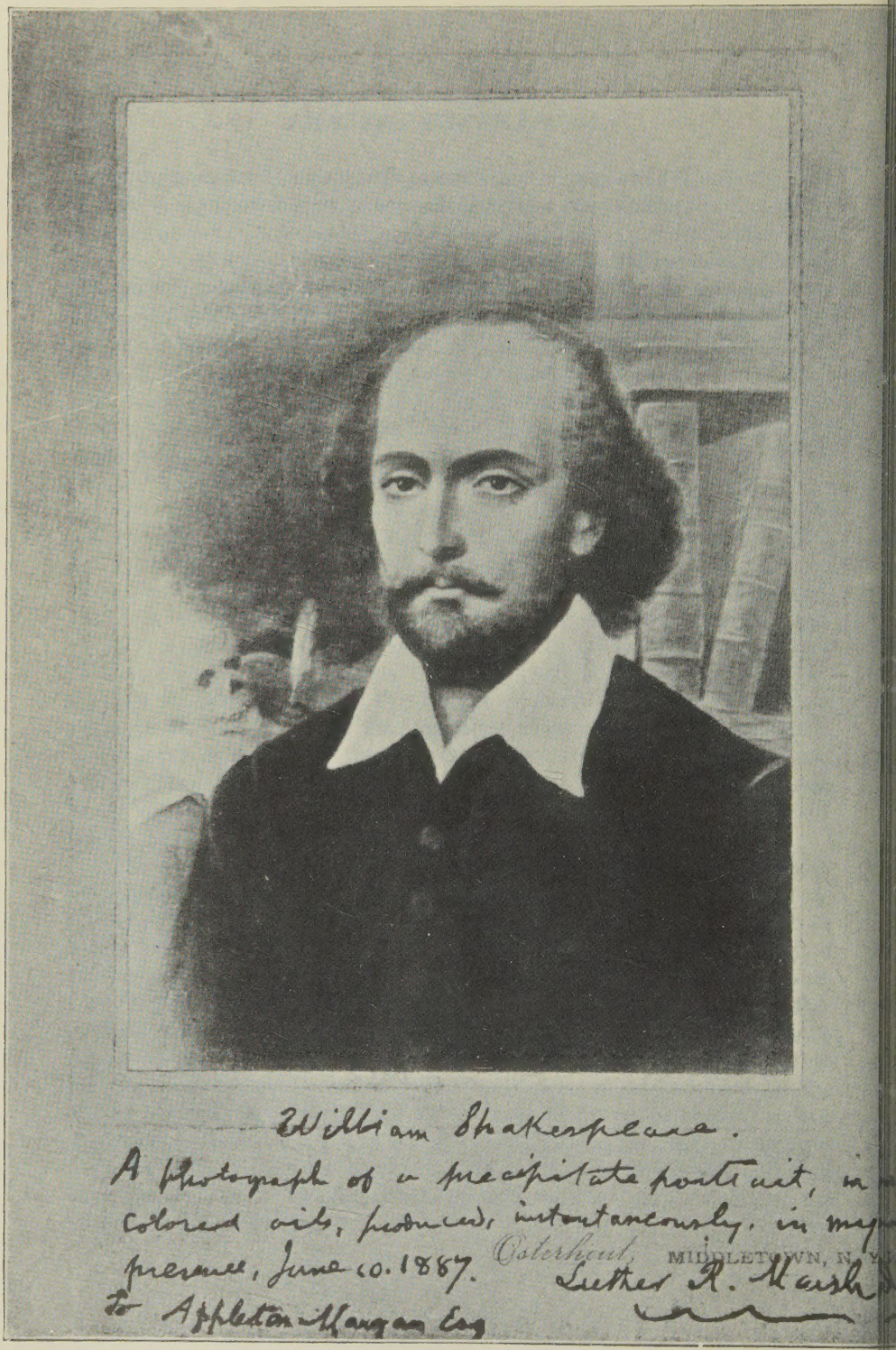
William Shakespeare.
A photograph of a precipitate portrait, in
colored oils, produced, instantaneously, in my
presence, June 10. 1887.
To Appleton Morgan Esq
Osterhout, MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.
Luther R. Marsh

"SHAKESPEARE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD."
[By courtesy of Luther R. Marsh, Esq.]

(See page 55.)